

Irony Lost:

12 poems

The Worm

Squirming and burrowing
into the center of my attention,
The worm distracts, tortures,
and creates in me
an allergy to presence.

It laughs and sneers
at my attempts
to find stable footing.
It splits and becomes two,
then three, four,
and so on.

All its divisions
network and conspire
to keep anxiety
at its peak.

Like an unforgiving storm,
it has its way,
displacing whatever it wants.
With a seemingly arbitrary,
yet insidious plan,
All I can do
is wait it out.

Eyes Once Wide

Wronged
and unaccepted,
they only know
that they don't.

Their eyes,
once wide,
are glazed over
with
cynical disappointment.

Too tired
to find meaning
in their pain.

Awake all night.
Awake all night.

Art-Kill

Attention spans,
spans a wide range,
of homogenized
and frankensteined
spectacles.

Spectators wallets
vomit expectantly.
Expecting to have
their ADHD
appeased.

Art is struck down,
pulverized, and shamed.
Laying at the feet
of entertainment.

Financing Suicide

Shameless, corporate
and peddlers of desire.
They are our masters.

Resilient whores.
Whores for the basic and base,
they've made us into.

Sex, money, and drugs
invite us to kill our own
Inadequacies.

Victims are we all.
Tyrannical industry
chains us to our fears.

Held Back, Blocked Out

Light that inspires and warms
threatens the foggy remorse.
Those who can't face the day
would rob the beaming of their bloom.

Poor parodies are made
of sun-inspired glows.
Dirt is kicked in the eyes
of the genuinely bright.

What artificial times we live in
when sincerity is assumed unreal.
When the clouds curse the stars
and disallow their shine.

Justified

Gluttonous and complacent,
Their world is one of
Luxurious condescension,
As they're stuffed full
Of starch,
Cow,
And sugar.
While green lands
Become deserts,
They have boundless apathy.
Their justifications
Bring them
A warm glass
Of milk
Every night.

The Matter of Music

Trying to bend physics to their will
and creating perversions
that seduce,
addict, and subvert.

Dumbing down power
and placing it in the hands
of the self-aggrandizing.

Mystical abilities
diluted and mass produced.
Stripped of divinity.

Those who would use it wisely
are mocked as antiquated
and outmoded.

Ignorantly we bastardize
the only form of magic,
that most still believe in.

Ghosts In The Morning

I seek a rare type of passion.
Not rare in life.
Rare in
my
life.

I find adoration
in no short supply.
Yet I find the potency
of enduring
to be made of lack.

They're there for me through the fun,
through the ecstatic,
while the moon has its day.
Then, they are
ghosts
in the
morning.

Soul-less Sole

To them I am the fantasy,
the siren song,
that's held accountable.
I am useful
in the way of a shoes sole.

Fantasies have no souls,
their faces shallow;
as shallow as their
pretended love.

Fantasies exist beyond,
beyond callous
and hard
truths.

Fantasies are without need,
without person-hood to forsake.
Yet still are convenience personified.
Fantasies have no hearts to break.

Too Busy

She didn't have time.
Such a busy lady.
Busy dreaming of better ways
to fill her emptiness.

She couldn't find her happiness.
She had so much to take
for granted.

She fulfilled her childhood dream.
So many little girls dreams.
The dream so many young ladies
would ruin others lives for.

She didn't have time
for practicalities.
Didn't have time for the
aftermath of fantasy.

She was too busy
being lost.
Too busy ironing
the wrinkles of aging.
Too busy cheating
on Prince Charming.

Strange and Savage Still

In this strange culture
where ideas constrict
the unique
and disallow awakening,
its boundaries of thought
are made from willful ignorance.

In this strange culture
currency takes the form
of pain and therefore,
people seek, to make illegitimate,
the suffering of their perceived enemies.

In this strange culture
lack of experience
is touted as evidence.
While actual evidence is considered
a product of weakness,
naivete,
and stupidity.

Ideologies are the true gods
in this strange culture.
And times have not changed that much.
People still kill for their gods.

Irony Lost

I dine on the mundane,
the obvious,
and commonplace.

Now that I've shelved
my thinking
and see the true
pointlessness
of insight.

To speak
on what's observed,
critiqued,
and dissected
is to have a plastic
picnic.

Plastic apples, plastic carrots
and plastic peanut butter sandwiches.

They do not nourish
but, they put on
a good show!